

NEWS-BOY'S

Address to the Patrons of the

CANADIAN COURANT.

JANUARY 1st. 1811.

IN age autumnal, when the heart no more
With pleasure thrills, and life's gay dreams
are o'er ;

When Syren hope's delusive visions fade,
And wav'ring faith demands religion's aid ;
Tho' gloomy scenes that dim th' uncertain sight,
Connect this twilight with approaching night ;
Still to the past the mind with fondness clings,
And from oblivion each transaction brings.
Like age to youth, by mem'ry's burnish'd chain
Of varying links of pleasure and of pain.
So past events, when years have roll'd away,
Will live in mind's interminable day.

On Time's fair Morn, when pleasure's sweets
expand,
And love and friendship carol hand in hand,
Mine be the still recurring task to call,
From time elapsed, momentous things to all ;
Paint Britain cradled upon Freedom's rock,
Nurs'd by the storm and strengthen'd by the shock ;
Touch on the lyre a Pæan to the brave
Who bled on land and conquer'd on the wave.

Far o'er yon wave that skirts the tropic sky,
On lucid pinions fame and conquest fly ;
Tell to the list'ning world the gladsome tale,
That Britain conquer'd and that Gallia fell.*
Tell how each bosom burn'd, each heart beat high,
And vivid vengeance flash'd from every eye ;
When from each fort the trembling foe withdrew,
Like loathsome mists that shun the solar view ;
And how, at length, their dastard lives to save,
Conceded all the honors of the brave.

In Naples' bay, when blighted by her fire,
Full fourfold numbers fled the Spartan's ire.†

Or shall Amboyna to your mind recal
A Briton's glory and a Despot's fall !
Or Bourbon's fate where Albion's banners wave,
The type of Freedom to the eastern slave.
Nor yet confin'd to Neptune's watery reign,
Are Albion's laurels, which her heroes claim !
Busaco's vales and mingling hills can tell
In Britain's sons what daring valor dwell ;
When rank near rank in awful silence drew,
Nought felt but vengeance, nought but death in
view !

But short the combat, soon the strife was o'er,
Proud Gallia's squadrons shun'd th' avenging power,
And as she view'd her heroes bleeding lay,
Felt her arm wither and her strength decay.

Imperial Britain ! still thy sons shall swell
The page of conquest, where their actions dwell :
Still shall thy thunders roll to strike with dread
The haughty despot and his servile herd ;
Still shall thy fleets, as Carthage did of yore,
Crow'd every sea and circle every shore,

* Capture of Guadaloupe.
† The gallant defeat of several French privateers by the
ship Spartan, in the bay of Naples.

Glide far to bear beyond the bounding wave
Death to the foe and freedom to the brave.

Gigantic France, tho' Europe bears thy chains,
And thou stalk'st lawless thro' thy bleak domains,
Tho' humbled Denmark owns thee for his lord,
And stubborn Sweden trusts thy faithless word ;
Tho' supple Holland, dead to honor's call,
Smiles at her fate and glories in her fall ;
Tho' Russia, floundering in his oozy bed,
Grunting consent, seems born without a head ;
Yet thou'rt not safe, thy rigid knees must bend,
Thy strength depart, thy glory have an end—
For still IBERIA spurns thy proffer'd chains !
In Freedom's cause, Lusitania remains !
Thy barks no more on ocean's bosom glide,
Catch the fresh gale nor stem the bounding tide ;
Ta'en are thy fleets, thy commerce is no more,
And trade lies slumbering on thy sullen shore.
Still while thou strid'st to universal sway,
Bleak mountains rise to clog thy doubtful way,
Thy toils increase, thy race will ne'er be o'er
While ROSE & THISTLE bloom on Britain's shore !

But while the Old World's tragic scenes we view,
Oppression's banners flicker in the new :
Where yonder river's turbid waters swell,
Lave the high steep and gush along the dell,
There chain'd by freedom, murmur'ing in his chains,
The tan'd Floridian to his sire complains,
And prays that vengeance, with her flaming brand,
May right his wrongs—emancipate his land !
But ah, in vain ! beset by wily foes,
IBERIA faint, can only weep his woes.

—Yet tho' assistance does not hover nigh,
To mark each toil and hear each suffering cry,
Columbia, vaunt not ! tremble lest thou break
The magic spell—the LION may awake !*
For dark thy views and motley is thy mind,
A treach'rous Tiger and a fearful Hind.

With rapid march, by bright improvement led,
To worth and wealth our infant soil hath sped.
Adown our stream, that courts the northern main,
Float mighty forests, natives of the plain ;
Along our banks, where erst the desert frown'd,
Art and industry gladden all around ;
And o'er our plains the waving corn is seen,
The hamlet safe, and cottage on the green.

To him be praise who holds, with clement hand,
The sword of justice o'er this happy land ;
At whose fair name foul Envy hides her head,
And hell-born factions feel a conscious dread ;
His deeds shall live, his name shall ne'er depart,
For Patriot CRAIG 's engrav'd upon each honest
heart.

* Alluding to the scheme set on foot by the wise heads at
Washington to seize the Floridas.

CANADIAN COURANT OFFICE,
MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1811.